



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Phony Rappers"

[Intro: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]

Phony rappers who do not write
Phony rappers who do not excite
Phony rappers, check it out, aight

[Verse One: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]

Yo, I was riding the train
And this Puerto Rican kid said simple and plain
Let's battle
It kinda took me by surprised
Cuz the brother was moving wit his eyes on the prize
I said screw it, I ain't got nuttin to lose but um
But I got to do this shit real quick so um
Hurry up kid, bust your joints and then I'll bust mine
And I be out cuz I got to see this hottie, he said ok
Now check it, check it out, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, that's what he said
Then I came back and just fucked up his head
Cuz yo, he thought an MC who was seen on TV
Couldn't hold the shit down in New York City
Aiyyo, I showed his ass, then I went off on my task
To bless her ass Uptown, real MC's will hold it down
Yea, yea, sonny, to the beat like that
You wanna bring it to me, where you at

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Yes, dread, I had a similiar situation
When this kid tried to tell me I didn't deserve my occupation
He said I wasn't shit that I was soon to fall
I looked him up and down, grab my crotch and said balls
Of course he tried to bring it on the battling tip
Ay, you know me, you know I had to come out my shit
Trying to lounge at the mall, meet Skef and Mr Walton
Finally I banged his ass wit the verbal assault
He said a rhyme about his .45 and his nickelbags of weed
That's when I preceeded to give him what he needed
Talking 'bout I need a Phillie right before I get loose
Poor excuse, money please, i get loose off of orange juice
Preferly Minute Maid cuz that's exactly what it takes
To write a rhyme, huh, to school your nickels and your dimes
Because an MC like me be on TV
Don't mean I can't hold my shit down in NYC

Phony rappers who do not write
Phony rappers who do not excite

Phony rappers, you know they type
Phony rappers, check it

[Verse Three: Phife, Consequence]

It seems there's a sanitation, y'all full of thrash talker
Sounding good but money can you feed the dog hawker
Talking 'bout your mic days and your breakdancing
Not enhancing, you sound tired
Oh, shit, I didn't know you like to play yourself in front'cha friends
Sitting there, lying to no end
MC's for me make things happening
Talk about a world but in a form of rapping
Who will be the captain of this ship
If it goes down, don't you know you have to go wit it
Just because you rhyme for a couple of weeks
Doesn't mean that you've reach the MC's peak
Let me stop sounding all bitter
Ghetto child, never be a quitter
But don't be a phony in the litter
Take it as a letter from the better
Take it from a man who used to rhyme in busted ass jetta's

[C:] Yo, Phife, you need a condom

[P:] Word to God, mess around

I catch Aids from Mc's being on my nuts too hard

[C:] Cuz on my blvd you better bring your bodyguard

[P:] And what's your blvd

[C:] LP, I represent naturally

[P:] So don't step on the roly if you know that you're phony

Or else I bend that ass like elbow macaroni

Cuz I gotta keep it real (gotta keep it real)

A Tribe Called Quest, you see we never half step

[C:] (So on your mark) get ready, MC's be jetti

Me and Phife be on ya like Veronica and Betty

Archie, Jughead, snuffing Mc's

From Brainslane down to Hempstead

[P:] Yes 'Quence, see over

His rhyme style is older that a Chrysler car Nova

I'm wilder then the cats from Arizona

Villanova, un, un, Kentucky

Whos' the next MC stepping up to try and bust me

Bring him here and boy, will I ever let him have it

[C:] And when it comes to the microphone, don't even try to grab it

What?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Get A Hold"

[intro fading in:] Drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting,
drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting by, totally. Drifting
by(just)totally. Drifting by(just)totally

[Q-Tip:]

The deadly venom, let me start from the beginning
We always hittin, so yo, there'll be no extra innings
As I send the mic out the park like Reggie Jackson
You be the minor leaguer who sees no action
The coming attraction(what!)
The main feature
And I'ma greet ya, like a rhymin ass creature
Lurking all up in the dark, unknown parts
The brotha well prepared is the brotha who will start
And that's me Akki, as long as the ladies move they bodies
We'll have a four-on-two stand
Cuz that happens to be the nature of man
Sexuality, it is the format baby
Ain't no ifs, no buts, no ands, or maybes
But I praise Lord in the worlds that's unseen
Respect me for that and let me do my thing(just)
I said, respect me for that and let me do my thing

[Chorus:]

(Drifting by)You know we gotta get a hold
(totally) Over the illest drum rolls
(totally drifting by just...)

Yo, how you doin? Let me give you an intro
My name's the Abstract, now let me give you some info
Got the diamond in the back, and the sunroof shit
That makes the hardcore MCs resort to being bitch
And I don't give a shit about being wild rich
Just make me comfortable and I'll deal with it
Your lust for the riches make a nigga feel sick
Down to his zealots, upchuck and then spit
Denouncin my beliefs, well then your wig get split
Lay your ego on the ground so that you'll benefit
You can take these words and relay it to your click
Take some time for your mind and get off them head trips
The Tribe is the crew that makes your mics get lit
Like the Fourth of July on some firework shit
My record company be on some true jerk shit
But that's i-right. Now, I'm on some true work shit
And I'ma make it happen for my whole outfit

[Chorus:]

(Drifting by) You know we got to get control
(totally) Over the illest drum rolls
(totally drifting by just...) Third verse

A-yo, we just gettin started
Got to redirect this vision
Got the beauty of a flower
Plus dimensions like a prism
Your minds are locked down like prison
Y'all really need to go lay down
Cuz positivity has risen
We hittin
Yo bust how we too strong to be broken
Occasional malfunction pressure time
We ain't jokin
For security we on this run like Logan
Kamaal's doin the hustle
And you backstage voguin
We all got flaws
Don't ever try to think that you perfect
We all are human beings
There's bullshit at the surface
Sometimes, I mean we rhyme
Damn, we ain't prophets
And if you think so, you need to stop it
So jump back inside your shell
Let your million dollar thoughts propel
But next man don't get jel
Playa hate that all carries weight
That we don't need
We slim with disabilities and
Thick with possibilities
Cuz then you can't move with fertility
Navigatin with good visibility
We put these tunes out in record shop facilities
Let's strive to get this constant money activity
We try to stay on the scene like Fidel
So if you get enraged with these names it still rebels
There ain't no plan B's
Yo watch, we movin through with plan A
Money market doin things the right way

[Chorus:]

(Totally) You know we got to get control
(Drifting by, just) Over the illest drum roll
(Totally drifting by just...) [x3]
(Totally just(x2), Drifting by [x2] in background)
Yo bust it out section, section.
Section Linden Boulevard
Section on Merrick
Section the whole Jamaica
Section on Flushing
Section in Bed-Stuy

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Motivators"

[chorus:]

We be the number one motivators
Ghetto mentality and the innovators
Some of y'all may really hate us
But we won't be soft, all we wanna do is rock

[Phife:]

We be the crew that presents it on wicked instrumental
Damagin your mental, from here to Sacramento
This here groove was made for vintage freestylin
Feelin like I'm chillin on a Caribbean island
Rugged, raw material is what we bring forth
A Tribe Called Quest, we representin up North
What's that you're sayin in the back, actin all silly
Kickin freestyle raps, rollin up phillies

[Q-Tip:]

It's the four man fiasco in charge like Roscoe
Now you get the picture like Picasso
We make it happen when these niggaz start rappin
Who this, captain?
Stick out your hand, you gets no dap and..
I got the Razor, got the Phife, I got the Shaheed
Now all you shorties move your ass while you puff weed
Blessin fans with autographs in my paths
While other rappers get gassed, they be defeating the task

[Consequence:]

Yo, if I ruled the world
It wouldn't be that gassed shit, niggaz will make the light swirl
Cuz after you G, ain't nuthin but Girl...Scouts
And I'mma show you what it's all about(ah yeah)
Is what you say when my love is in your mouth
Without a doubt, I cut MCs like the cord
Cuz I does more than that MC from The Lords
While you be froggin like Bud-wei-ser
And rappin is what you slackin in
I'm knockin MCs outta action like abstinence
Rockin since kiss my dick was kickin ass
Peachfuzz, cuz...you might be on drugs

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

To all my people across the state who sit back and contemplate
Motivate, I motivate
To all my people across the land who get their feet stuck in sand

Motivate, I motivate y'all

[Consequence:]

A yo, I speak with something new but not Granddaddy I.U.
Stay tuned, live from the L-B-Q
A yo, it's destined St. John, I swing on your block
You know how I get down like Heather B. with them glocks
I came to lead my team to victory like Hayden Fox
Cuz heads ain't ready for the willie I got
Ya naw'mean slim, I dug my thing like them grim
Leavin crews in state of black and blue like Rakim
And if you don't know, you better ask another
It's like 192 when we rollin deep cover
So don't shut down on the Razor
Cuz in the 9-Live we steppin through hotter than the Trail Blazers
And in Queens, I be a legend like Richard Dean
Son, I gotta team that Hakeem couldn't dream
While you be standin sellin, Queens keep it live
Who the hell you tellin (Kim from the Tribe)

[Phife:]

Let me tell you why I be the top dog in the industry
Because all these so-called mutts are not seein me
They too busy eatin cycles 1, 2 and 3
They can't MC, I'd rather be down with fuckin Droopy D
My style is deadly, word bond, act like you fuckin know
Been writin rhymes ever since Ray Parker sang with Radio
You're style is played out like a two-tone down goose
You couldn't Converse if you had fuckin react juice
So hold your corner as I fuckin bless this mic in here
I'm eatin through your crew like Stephen King's ankle layers
Chop off my feet, word to God, I'm gonna hurt you
(Will y'all fall off?) Will Laura fuck Urkel?
Never, here comes the funk, smell the aroma
Kid, my shit's the bomb, ask my peeps from Oklahoma

[Q-Tip:]

To all my people across the state who sit back and contemplate
Motivate, I motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my people across the land who get stuck in great sand
Motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my peoples everywhere throw your mitts in the air
Motivate, motivate, motivate, motivate
Can't do nuthin for your frontin, get involved and do somethin
Motivate, motivate, I motivate, I motivate, I moti...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jam"

[Girls talking on phone]

[Q-Tip:]

It was Friday afternoon in the middle of June
Heineken bottle caps and the aroma of boom
Around the time everybody had just got home from class
Shootin dice, talkin shit, hopin the cash would last
Yo, this was around the time when I didn't know no better
Juney moved around in a tinted out Jetta

[Phife:]

Then he introduced me to that hydro smoke
Then I took one toke, yo, I almost choked
See I never smoked before and my nerves got shot
Then he told me about the party at the spot jam rock
It was guaranteed on but I said "son, chill"
There's a joint around the way that's supposed to be real
Word

[Q-Tip:]

He said we got no Js, so we gonna do it right
Hit your man's joint first, then jam rock at one night
Then I said "aight", then I jumped inside the jetty
Let me take a shower, I'm sweaty, and then I'll be ready
Tonight is the night I get my groove on steady
And get my drink on with that Ford named Betty
I went upstairs to get fly, broke my tie
On some liquor, to meet my high quicker
Now, I'm tight, them know, the party is the M.O.
Me and my crew, we get it started like a demo
Eleven in the evenin, I'm feelin like a heathen
This thing is goin down and I highly doubt I'm leavin
Booty cheeks start to motion and the kids is drinkin potion
Word is bond, that Black Moon joint got me open
(Don't front)

[Consequence:]

A yo, the DJ put this short groove on
The good shit that makes a kid lose his drink
Blendin Risin to the Top and got these shorties hoppin
Nuthin but coppin, ain't no stoppin me now
Yo, I'm bound to win until that thing kicked in
The Alazay had me drunk, I don't know where to begin(echoed)

[Phife:]

Not I'm feelin kinda jaded, wildly coherent
Me and the fellas acted very irreverent

Butt grabbin, mad laughin and assin

[Consequence:]

When that chick caught up, the shorty lookin fed up
They say you drug one with this one, gibbin with that one

[Q-Tip:]

A yo, I'm just doin my thing, yo I'm just havin fun
You don't see me in here wylin pullin out no gun
Yo, I see some of that thing girl and I want some
So let's step inside this corner so that we can rap on
Over this bumpin ass song and some Dom Perignon

[Phife:]

I hit ya with the good lovin plus fillet mignon
(Yeah, yeah scrammy scrams, yo, that's that same old song)
(A yo, tell me why the hell your breath smells so strong)

[Consequence:]

Yo, put some brakes on your yappin or you won't live long
(Please nigga, push on)
Alright scrams, see you later (scrams)
Can't mess with these street sharks or these alligators

[Phife:]

I can't take it no more, yo it's damn near four
I've been partyin and drinkin since I came out my door

[Q-Tip (Consequence)]

Look at these kids about to mix it, damn, where's the exit?
(Son, jetted to the ride and got the burner out the Lexus)
Yo, he cocked his joint back like he's about to let him have it
(Kid, I kept it movin like the Energizer rabbit)
A yo yo, it's time to skate, ain't no time to contemplate
(*[all:]* Whoops, looka there, there's Jake)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Crew"

[Intro: Q-Tip]

Just a lil somethin-somethin
about the cats who be fronting
You know the Tip, he be huntin
for all the goodness gracious
All across the wide spaces
yo, check it out, bust me down, yo
Yo... yo...

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

Youse my peoples, why it got to come down to this shit
Two people thinking as one so now he split
Remember what I said to you, you bleed, I bleed
C'mon, you know how we get down, if you're down, you need
And I'm supplying, the dynamic duo, electricifying
Everybody had to wet us, cuz no one will forget us
Son, I testify sure as God was my guide
Any petty little bullshit you did will slide
Same on my end, after all, what are we, friends
If niggaz ran me this, too much grounds we defend
In the honor or brotherhood cuz it's all good
Get on some grown man shit and let's knock on wood
But now seeing you baby in this stall out position
Wondering who's the dime piece that you're kissing
You night as well take the jigger and take my life
Cuz the dime piece you happen to be kissing is my wife
Shit, I should have know not to let these crab asses
Get within the circle of my girl and make passes
Now you disrespected me and everything I stand for
(But I'm saying though, son) Shhh, say no more
Allah forgive me, my thoughts is traveling to low desires
Should I turn the other cheek or react and perspire
Don't wanna see myself in penitentiary attire
But I caught him in the act and my emotion is dire

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Pressure"

[Verse]

[Q-Tip]

In this American metropolis filled with MC's
A Tribe Called Quest came to drop jewels wit' ease
Plus make you party, we do this music thing for everybody
Black, White, Latino and Asian, we cold raisin'
The stakes of hip-hop to a new plateau
To bridge gaps in generations for future plantations
A god-fearin' folk cos we all from the yolk
Of one breed, one seed, to good goals we proceed
Nowadays I strive to be a very good influence
Even though not too long ago I was a truant
Now I'm droppin' it on this and many broad topics
From man's obsession with money to holy prophets
Like Mohammed, yo, you know the scene is so freaky
Enemies they denounce me and my own try to sweep me
Now I got hip-hop acts posin' like fat cats
Lex and a Rolex, Moet and a top hat
But what about your contract, slick? Is you proper?
It's time we turned the tables of this hip-hop fable
I be strivin' yo', tryna bang these joints out my skillet
And fulfil it, think about these kids, we can't kill it

[Phife]

Now every dog has his day, but eff that, it's my year
All you gat pullin' MC's could never come near
All that bogus type chatter, please put it to rest
It's the Phifer from Quest leavin' venues a mess
So I even start to (Rap) when you know you have no (Haps)
Wit' your simpleton (Lyrics), your light-hearted (Act)
Step back, me no have no time for dat
I'm blowin' up the spot for all you ras clot idi-ots
In a world where you have like a zillion MC's
Ninety percent of all you suckers have filthy LPs
Bitch this, trick that, come on, act like you know
I be that up north MC who never chose to play the down-low
(His name is Phife Dawg) I label myself as The Boss (True dat)
Same height as Little Vicious, yet I'm shorter than Kriss Kross
Queens representation, son, you know how we do
While Light' and Sha, they represent BK to the fullest
I be the sidekick to The Abstract, so get ready for combat
Yo, what about about them biters? Errr! Me not like that
My motto is to wreck shop, I do it on the non-stop
Come on party people, you must give me my props

Cos y'all know good and damn well that the style has been mastered
So head for the border you peasy-haired bastards
Before I start to put it on ya, come on now, must I warn ya?
Queens is in the house so all MC's go hold their corner

[Outro]

We feelin' pressures in here
You know we feelin' pressures
Feelin' pressures in here
You know we feelin' pressures
We gotta stand clear
Jus' gotta stand clear
Gotta gotta stand clear of the pressure
The what?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"1nce Again"

[Intro:]

You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
Word
Watch me bust they shit
OK

[Chorus:]

[Tammy Lucas]

Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce Again my friend
I swear you do it to me everytime
Cause you stay crazy on my mind
Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on
On and on and on

[Verse One: Phife Dawg, Q-Tip]

This is the year that I come in and just devastate
My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?
My rhymes are harder than last night's erection
Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear section
My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight
Amping up the mic making sure production's tight
Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writer's block
But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock
My name's Malik my hobby's putting MC's to the test
And if you front I'll put my foot up in your friggin chest
Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop
You crew is loose, you might just want to call the cops

Aiyyo I gotta put some action on paper
Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the raper
The only tip I got for a waiter
Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog shoulda bit me
That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought
Now I'm at a level supreme to the devil
So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble
We be the real MC's and you dead, bring a shovel
Revitalize, the vital Tribe nigga, WHAT?
The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the nuts
You know a fellas good for the moola

Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me Slick Tip the Ruler

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife]

Yo I've been treading on this globe man for twenty-five joints
Sometimes Shaitan got me by the pressure points
But I can break a fella down like sex
You eat Wheat Chex but still light in the ass and can't flex
If one nigga front I'ma make more pay
Cause toniiiiight, we gettin off like O.J.
And yo I got a Dawg that bites, fuck the barking
Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and

I fought my shit up on Linden in the one-nine-two
Forever writing never biting ain't shit else to do
Hoping to battle, but most MC's ain't ready yet
But if they huddle, and word, then this is good as set
You have MC's dropping bombs that's incredible
Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable
As for me see I just do how I love to do
Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you
Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along
The friggin fame, someone tell em that this shit ain't games
You gots to do this from your heart meaning your inner soul
And if it's real only then will you be on a roll
I try to stay on top my game there ain't no time to lose
Four albums deep as a Quester but still we payin dues
So hear me out one time, you gots ta be yourself
Cuz if you ain't yourself you end up by your friggin self
I'm coming rugged with the Linden Boule type of slang
And yo we'll see who can hang yo

You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce Again Phife
You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce Again Phife
You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce again Phife
Aiyyo that kid is hard!

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mind Power"

[Q-Tip:]

Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear it

MCin, see I got this in my spirit

I got verses like Mahalia singin church hymns

So strap up because you skatin on ice that's wild thin

A weak foundation doesn't make a good home

That's why mine is built on chrome microphones

We bout to do it theoretically, insteadibly, to the medley

Come on

It's the complete Kamal, unique, Fareed, breed

That'll keep you broke down like a horse 5 speed

So move buddy, a yo we got to get this money

In this land of dead and crummy, ain't a damn thing funny

A yo, shout out to Mobb Deep, the Extra P

Busta Rhymes, De La, the J Beez, so don't sleep

We got reality for the carriage

Stayin sincere to this, so I know we gonna manage

Give me, liberty in mass amounts and Swiss bank accounts

With the sustainer, it'll be real

So me and my brothas, we can sit down and build

Like Rampage with that last boy scout appeal

We got that silk, satin, Manhattan intelligence feel

That keeps everything on even keels

So all you slow brothas talkin yang, ya poo tang

Now, we gonna show you how the real crew bang

[Consequence:]

A yo, I bring it to you live kid, Queens niggaz love static

Your rap's had it, braggin more numbers than mathematics

I get brains on progmatic from leavin wet dreams shattered

That's the same copy gettin in your mug shot

I stays hot like summertime on LBQ and boo boo

The love shack is 192, my joint's smooth

To watch them niggaz fall like Linque

I keeps it brand new like school shoppin

It's on and poppin

So come peep this nigga's steez like rayon

You get laid off while I'll be gamin ghetto girl like 8-Off

The verdict's in, I be the look of blendin

Give up your goods cause it's the start of your endin

[Q-Tip:]

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is

(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids

(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation

(Where ya at?)

[Phife:]

Now, all that glock totin' trash you talk will not prevail
It's stale, you'll either be dead or in jail
I keeps it realer than the logo on milk
Denouncin tough guy wannabes that look smoother than silk
That's the sound of the man gettin yanked off the stage
Tryin to front like he mad paid
Suckin so bad, we threw his mama off the train (insane)
MCs are just givin it all away (OK)
Who said him know about the Quest type sound?
Mess around and get your ass knocked down (clown)
I dedicate this to the posers that play hard
You wanna hear some rhymes, well come bring your bodyguard
So he can peep the worldwide Willie that we display
Leavin all MCs in complete disarray
I beez a veteran MC, crushin crews for years
You frontin hard, when you softer than the Berenstain Bears
Yeah, chumps be like "Phife, that ain't fair"
Fuck outta here, do I look like I care
Come off my stage, before I grab ya neck and handle ya
Wet ya like punani, then dry you like Canada
Shaheed Muhammad's on the Gemini mixer
Peace to Derrick Coleman, Mad Max and the Sixers
I'm cappin hard cause I got this rap shit sold
From Linden Boulevard down to Cascade Road
You know my steez, I treat hip hop like a sport
Holdin down fort up on Martinique Court like...

[Q-Tip:]

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation
(Where ya at?) We gonna start the Zulu Nation
(Where ya at?) Come on, come on
(Where ya at?) We gonna put it all together
(Where ya at?) No matter what the hell the weather
(Where ya at?)

Uh, uh, mind power *[x5]*

Uh, uh, kickin willie is good, all throughout your whole hood
But we gotta start with the spirit first y'all
Mind power

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Hop"

[Q-Tip]

Yea, move your body, decide to party
'Bout to bring it to you kid like we never ever did
My nigga Al G in it, my nigga Shaheed in it
We got the girl Kristine in it, got my man Big G in it

Hey, yo, inside the ghetto or in a sunny meadow
I'ma make you move whether woman or fellow
Yo, I got the medals in the warfield of respect
Like an ill porno make ya body get wet
Just a ghetto child trying to live a straight and narrow
Hoping that my shit will pierce your dome like an arrow
I'm sure it will, especially if it's God's will
MC's you ready to die cuz I'ma kill
All you negative feelings standing on two feet
While I make the hotties move to the hip-hop beat
You know what's really killer, realer than you can imagine
Using every source of pain in my range to make it happen
If I make it happen, that means I'm making motion
And I'm doing my thing causing an ill commotion
Everybody do the hop, niggaz soothe like lotion
I lay up in the piece or an incognotion
You gotta do the hop then move to the beat, you don't stop
Now everybody here, you do the hop
You going up to cop, a town full of brick, don't stop
You gotta come back and do the hop
Yo, fuk the cop, you gotta come back and do the hop
Move till your body won't stop
You gotta do the hop, nonstop motion, nonstop
You gotta come back and do the, do the

[Phife]

You see you, your career is done like Johnny Carson's
Get me vexed, I do like Left Eye, I'll start an arson
Now that I got that out my system
Watch me stab up the track as if my name was OJ Simpson
I packs it in like Van Halen
I work for mine, you, you're freeloading like Kato Kaelin
I'm representing wit my crew
Mess around, bite my rhymes, I beat that ass wit my shoes
C'mon, you know I'm crazy nice (nice, nice)
Brothers can't deal wit this shorty named Phife
You must be mad in the head
I bust his ass and leave 'em bloodclot for dead
Niggaz sound like Das EFX
If it ain't Das EFX, then they sounding like Meth
You might as well do Megadeth

Yo, punk MC's better save your freaking breath
You're a corny muthafuka
You must be high smoking dust wit Chris Tucker
You

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Keeping It Moving"

[Q-Tip:]

Somethin for your earhole, so you can clean them shits out
It seems that some don't understand what I'm talkin about
How you get West coast nigga, from West coast hater?
I could never dis a whole coast, my time is too greater(true)
Yeah, we from the East, the land of originators
You also from the West, the land of innovators
The only difference of the two is the style of the rap
Plus the musical track, this beef shit is so wack
Let me let y'all brothas know I ain't no West coast diss
Another thing I'm not is a damn ass kisser
So listen to my words as I set things straight
I ain't got no beef, so don't come in my face

Keep it movin, yeah to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin
Keep it movin, keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin

[Q-Tip:]

Hip hop...a way of life
It doesn't tell you how to raise a child or treat a wife
I verbalize over...rhyme friendly
That puts a listener in a frenzy, so pop me in your Benzi
You dig it? Get wit it or get your melon splitted
If you ever try to combat, Sir Walter moves the king
We got the illy team that doesn't even sweat the gleam
Or glamour, we'll figure 4 your ass like Greg the Hammer
Man, we rockin joints like The Who or Santana
Keep jams packed and hotter than Havana
Positivity is the key in the lock
Put your hand on it, turn it to the right, ak
We doin daredevil dandies on these mics
Peace out to the whole Hiero who's puffin on the hydro
Yeah dun, we movin how we like
Since the days of rockin hi-los, we keepin things on pyro, fire
As we move with zeal and desire
Now, the hip hop plan, hope you complier
Son, we havin tunnel vision but my sight is real real broad
Cuz I can't afford to miss that call
Makin moves, not movies, as get on the ball
And we keepin things covered like a female shawl
When I watch hockey, yo, I just look for the brawl
Quest, Quest and you know we signin out y'all

Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin
Keep it movin, yeah yeah
Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, true dat, to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin

The Pharcyde, you know we do it up, uh, you know we do it up, uh
The Hiero, you know we do it up, yeah yeah, you know we do it up
Yeah, to the Mobb Deep, The Infamous, we do it up, yeah yeah
You know we do it up
To my peoples Know Naim, yeah, you know we do it up, uh uh
You know we do it up
To my man DJ Quik, uh, you know we do it up, uh uh, a do, a do it up
To my man Biz Mark, yeah yeah, you know we do it up, uh uh
You know we do it up
To my man Ike Love love, you know we do it up, yeah yeah
You know we do it up
And my man Extra P, P, you know we do it up, uh uh uh-uh, uh, uh up
I can't forget Dr. Dre, uh, you know we do it up
MC Eiht, uh, you know we do it up
Shelly Mae, uh, you know we do it up
Muhammad, uh, you know we do it up *[fading out]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Baby Phife's Return"

[Phife:]

The mad man Malik makes MCs run for Milk of Magnesia
Maybe that'll ease ya
Master of this microphone mackin, master as in great
I'll have your brain goin in circles as my style tends to ovulate
I'm makin moves, never movies, that's why y'all MCs lose me
Retrace, won't, so your stubborn like groupies
Kid, you know my flava, tear this whole jam apart
Fuck around and have your heart, like Jordan had Starks
While you playin hokey pokey, there's no time to be dokey
Cuz I come out to play every night like Charles Oakley
Dissin around with wack rhymin
You lose your grip from chalk climbin
Let me take this time to say R.I.P. to Phyllis Hyman
Who never got the props that she damn well deserved
But see me, you don't wanna see me, cuz all MCs are gettin served
The nerve, for you to even step to the Phifer
I'll bumrush your set and crush your whole cypher
Reserve, a spot for me in hip hop's hall of fame
Cuz rappin ain't no game, big up your head and maintain
Yeah, Queens forever in this piece crushin any beef
Ain't nuthin sweet, the bakery's across the fuckin street
Phife Dawg, swingin it back and forth just like Aaliyah
Makin moves on your heart like that trick Tamia
No doubt about it, I love hip hop to death
But yo Tip, bring in the chorus cuz I'm losin my breath

[Consequence:]

A, yo, you know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
You know the deal, ha, you know the deal

[Phife:]

Big up pop Duke, that's where I caught my athleticism
My mama, no doubt, that's where I got my lyricism
My nana, that's where I got my spiritualism
As for Tip and Shah, they made me stop from smokin izm
Now, when I'm with some cheese, I be lettin off gism
Writin rhymes since Daddy Kane and Biz Mark was on Prism
I gotta brave heart like the one named Shirley Chisholm
As for my late twin, boy, I wish I was with him
Got the Lightro in the back talkin bout (come on, get him)
And when it comes to rhymes, no doubt, I flip em
Sucka MC in my path, hey main, I say we ship him

Money please, your rhymes are wack, say word, this geek is trippin
Just because my name is Phife, my man, I'm never slippin
I got the type of flave to have your ass straight bitchin
For those who act cute, see I got them on mute
Have you walkin through your projects in your birthday suit
Cuz your style is off loot, so I played him like a flute
If youse a sucka MC, then it's you I rebuke
My style is, everyday all day, similar to water
Crushin MCs as if my name was Sargent Slaughter
Keep shit hotter...than a sauna
Or better yet, the hormones on your Christian daughter
Hey, I tried to warn her
My sounds the type to kill, like the grill on Lauryn Hill
So all ya sucka MCs, y'all best go chill
Bout to go to Union Square so I can see my care bear
Singin good stuff in my ear, runnin fingers through my hair
Represent the Zulu Nation with illy rap creations
Just keep shit hotter than Death Row-Bad Boy confrontations
Chillin with Fudge Love because he represents the Haitians
Ya naw'mean

Word up

I just wanna big up everybody for supportin A Tribe Called Quest
Through the years
This be the fourth LP, you know what I'm sayin?
Tip, Shaheed and Phife, Beats, Rhymes and Life
Featuring my man, you know what I'm sayin, Consequence
192 is the area where we represent, for the ladies and gents, ha ha
You know what I'm sayin? Big up Shaheed Muhammad, that's my man
Christine, you know what I'm sayin, word life (fading out)
The Abstract Poetic, rockin this track
Bouncin it all over the place, in your face
You know what I'm sayin? My man Lightro...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Seperate/Together"

[Verse]

Sometimes men and women look at themselves and see bliss
Through experience we tend to exist
That's through our past or our caretakers
The instance is in particular, so you need to recognize that
if you take all this away
and look at us at the end of the day
we stand great among creation
So baby take these words as a little inspiration
While I kick this shit get your ass motivation
MCs, you're walking a thin line
Get in your ranks and tighten up as we walk through mines
and plus vipers, phony rhymers and biters
Money-grubbers, beat-dubbers
amongst a whole host of others
Who be fakin', fraudulatin'
Waitin' for your bacon
They be takin' and skatin' while you sit contemplatin'
Who's your peoples
Well let me tell you somethin' now paw
We're livin' a world that's R-A-double-raw
It's crazy but it's true, go for delly is the law
and if you cross the path then you dangerin' your jaw
And if you Glass Joe, don't go toe-for-toe
Yo all we wanna do is our thing and lay low
So brothers hold your heads high when you get down
Don't violate these women cuz we need them around
It's all of us together, not the one without the other
The Abstract is ill, word to mother.

[Chorus]

We got to do our do, not separate, together
Got to move on through, not separate, together
Got to do our do, not separate, together
Got to move on through, not separate, together

Yo, we got some problems baby
People stressed out, check it
But we can make it Sugar
Keep it light and I say
move on through separate
not together but together
Not separate, that's how
we got to do it, check it on out
Bust it, yo...

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"What Really Goes On"

[chorus:]

We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump [6X]
We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump-da-bump-da-bump
Bump-da-bump-da-bump

[Q-Tip:]

Yo, we preparin ourselves for this ultimate war
The MCs are really lost and it's at a big cost
We be rhymin at our show thinkin we gettin dough
Movin through every town off the fumes of...
And accolades of the crowd with our chests out proud
Yo, we bout to pack these joints so that these...sound loud
Some kids be actin stank like a baby pant
It's the rapper Abstract that make the joint get amped
Yo, use your body maker and use your minds, to break true
Yo, we gotta do the do
Son, we livin in a time where mad folks talk (shit)
Representin they crews or they East-West clicks
Let me tell everybody from coast to coast
About the lands we boast, but we don't own jack
How the (fuck) we movin through makin moves like that?
How the (hell) we movin through makin moves like that?
Can you explain that? I doubt that, very highly
We got jewels and Mo and the life is tight rowdy
Everybody lookin (shitty) like a to' down committee
Let's make these institutions, body slam for the smitties
I got girls with plenty tails, smarts and big (titties)
And they all stressin me, yo, really?
What really goes on? (James Brown: I don't know)

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

One is for the beat and the two is for the rhyme
Three is for the life, now we on this incline
Never catch this kid stickin forks in swine
Never ran my gibbs in nuthin less than a dime
A few of my brothas did that asshole one time
Strivin miss sunrise, sometimes is known as crime
The three twenty-five got that Windex shine
And when I shot skelly, I had my boxes in lines
All I wanna do is live life and be fair
I used to stress girls with long legs and long hair
Now, I want a woman with a spiritual flair
God will never make it too hard for me to bare
I'm hungry like a derelict whose stays in the diluse
Some can count me out, but yo, I doubt that I lose

The Westernized world got our minds confused
You frontin on me, ak, then you don't get bruised
The funny style cats, they be playin games like Chucky
Government officials shoot their same old...
Made of devil agents a.k.a. the devil flunky
Stiff (ass) squares gettin mad cuz we funky
This the crap game, then we got the top rolls
The positive jumps the negative like frogs
Resentin evil vibes, yo, that (shit) is at the morgue
We celebrate laughin down in at the smorgas borg
You still lookin (shitty) like a to' down committee
Let's make this institution, buy the land for the smitties
I got girls with tails, plenty smarts and big (titties)
And they all stressin me...really

[chorus:]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Word Play"

[Q-Tip:]

One, two, what'cha wanna do
Three, four, cuz we're gonna give you more
Five, six, and we ain't the tricks
Seven, eight, and we got it straight
Nine, ten, cuz we make it blend
Eleven, twelve, never ever goin for self
Tribe Called Quest situation
Check it out

[Q-Tip:]

Power. People really get caught with this on different levels
Power controls your life
Money. The companion of the first. Some people tend to worship
And we know this ain't right.

[Phife:]

Attitude(attitude) is how I get my point across.
You can't call yourself an MC if you know that you're soft.
Agressive...is how the stage is approached. I burn MCs like toast
Cuz I'm the host with the most.

[Consequence:]

Illin(illin) is what you do when you're assin.
Whether it be you or all up in your past and...
Cashin...done turned your people corrupt
It's six o'clock, girl, you gotta get your weight up

[Q-Tip:]

Sex(sex). Either a man or a woman.
This agenda, but when lovers get down
Froggin. When niggaz try to play roles
But when they really need to put that shit background

[Phife:]

Miserable(miserable) is what your whole crew will be
If you're not original and you show no strategy
Heavenly...is how the track tends to flow
And if you don't know, tell em diggy said so

[Q-Tip:]

We livin this cuz it's deep in our bones
A Tribe Called Quest with this hip hop jones
So sit and analyze the lyrical spray
Cuz all it really is is word play(word play)(word)

[Consequence:]

Willie. That's what I kick to get this Millie on a lilly
Now, I'm packin dimes like Chilli
Stress(stress). That's what I always go through
Cuz it's survival of the fittest on the 192

[Q-Tip:]

Knowledge. When the mind accept facts
On this plane of livin, knowledge be the key, black
Understanding. Gettin a grip on what's revealed
When shit be real, can't give understanding back

[Phife:]

Analyze. That's what I do to MCs
That be talkin bout they this and that, money please
Ego. I'm on my own jock skill
Cuz if I don't say I'm the best, tell me who the hell will

[Consequence:]

Cheeba smoke y'all. That's what I use to get high
When I'm in a rut and I don't know why
Try. Yo try again my friend
Cuz you can't see this MC representin Linden

[Q-Tip:]

Freestyle(freestyle). A true MC trait
And when you do it ill, niggaz respect it as great
Yo, I gotta...*[laughing]*

[Phife:]

We livin this cuz it's deep in our bones
A Tribe Called Quest with the hip hop jones
So sit and analyze the lyrical spray
Cuz all it really is is word play(word play)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Stressed Out"

[Intro/Chorus: Faith Evans]

I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out
When you're face to face with your adversity
I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out
We're gonna make this thing work out eventually

[Verse One: Consequence, Q-Tip]

Yo I ain't one to complain but there's things in the game
(What's your name?) Consequence, I'm tight, burnt like flames
(And why's that?) American dreams, they got this ghetto kid in a fiend

Don't stress that cause it's not in your bloodstream
Your whole being, comes from greatness, d'you remember
Shatan got you caught in the storms of December
And brothers on the block packin nines like September
Crazy situations keeps pockets on slender

Yo I be on the avenue where they be actin brand new
I'm splurgin on these Reebok joints for shorty boo

All of a sudden, I saw these two kids frontin
Talkin out they joints but they wasn't sayin nuttin
My hand was on my toolie they was actin unruly
(Say word) Yo word up, yo I was tight caught up
But I swallowed my pride and let that nonsense ride
Because I'm positive it seems that negative dies

Yo we was at the dice game makin these cats look silly
Flamin, steady runnin off at the Willie

I had my cash mixed, my rent due, with my play-dough
I gotta see some loot so all my girls I blow
Shook them shits in my palm let em hit the flo'
Kept my eyeballs scopin for them pigs po-po
I got to go on the ave see my parole by fo'
But I gotta steady freak these boys like JoJo

And I was doin it, til I met Ike, Spike, and Mike
One roll, they had my pockets thirstier than Sprite

Yo I know the feelin, when you feelin like a villain
You be havin good thoughts but the evils be revealin
and the stresses of life can take you off the right path (no doubt)
Jealousy and envy tends to infiltrate your staff
We gotta hold it down so we can move on past

all adversities, so we can get through fast, like that

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Consequence]

You got the N.W.O. (low cash flow)
Your baby's on the way (and you don't know who)
And crosstown niggaz tryin to (bust at you)
Aiyyo they got me stressed out (and you don't know what to do)
So frame this Kodak black, and vision to my contact
with a poultry scrap, workers get pistol smacked
The switch hittin Queens, niggaz liquid sword spittin
with raw poppy, and now your first love is krill
Your vision of the mil got crept like Hey Lover
Tried to rise to the top, you just couldn't recover
And all I want is my laceration of the pie
to get this whip cream before the water runs dry
Niggaz flashdancin yo I don't know why
You're sick of snitchin, she got you cruisin to the pokey
like Smokey, the stress be tryin to squeeze out a homey
While I be tryin to get star status like Shinobi
So we can build a dynasty, just like the Toby's
And all I want, is the world to know my steez
These money hungry niggaz is seven thirty
And got me stressed out like these frog MC's

[Chorus]

[Outro: Faith Evans]

Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (oh yeah)
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
We gon make it (gotta make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (gotta make it)
We're gonna make it (we gotta make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (we gonna make it)
We gonna make it (ohhhhhhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhhh)
We gon make it (ahaowwhwww)
Don't worry we gon make it (ahahwww)
I know we gonna make it (we're gonna make it)
C'mon baby we gon make it (yeahhhh)
We gon make it (yeahhahhahhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (we're gonna make it)
We've gotta make it (we've gotta make it)
We've gotta make it (oh yeah)
Know we're gonna make it
We're gonna make it, gonna make it, we gotta make it, know we gonna make it...

